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THE
Oratorical Instructor,
Ec. Ec.

THE

Optical Instructor

W. B. E. Co.

THE
Oratorical Instructor; */k*
BRING A
COLLECTION OF PIECES
FOR THE
USE OF THOSE DESIROUS TO ATTAIN
ELOQUENCE.

Oratory, or the Art of speaking well, is useful in every Part of
Life, and absolutely necessary in most—a Man can make no
Figure without it, in *Parliament*, in the *Church*, or in the
Law, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præcep.

HOR. ART. POET.

LONDON:

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And sold by W. COLLINS, Exchange Alley, Cornhill.

M DCC XCVIII.

Original Instructions
 PART I
 COLLECTION OF PIECES



The British Museum is a place of great interest and
 is situated in the Strand, London.
 It contains a large collection of natural history
 and antiquities, and is open to the public.
 The entrance is by the Strand, and the
 ticket office is on the right hand.
 The hours of admission are from 10 o'clock
 till 4 o'clock, and on Sundays from 10 o'clock
 till 2 o'clock.

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PREFACE.

PREFACE.

IT has become general for a Publisher to usher his book into the world with a Preface. I shall not defend or condemn the utility of this custom, but fall, like the insignificant brook, into the greater stream, without deviating from the long used channel.

With the hope of being of some use to my fellow mortals, I have made this collection; yet, let it not be thought that I imagine myself able to produce to the Public a work superior to any already in use: No! that is by no means my idea; but as no book, at present, contains all the excellencies to be collected from the English Authors, new ones may yet be useful. Indeed, was there such a work, it would be of very little service for the purpose this is intended: for the continued perusal of the same tires—new pieces like-

wife are continually appearing worthy the attention of the collector. There are exceptions, however, to the books of elocution now in use, to obviate which is my chief endeavour in making this public.

The generality of those for the junior classes consist of such pieces as are much above the capacities of the boys for whom intended; this obliges the Master to give much of his time to explanation, which might be spent otherwise, and much more to the advantage of the Scholar; besides, the price, in general, is such as to be worthy some consideration. Some are so puerile, that they can alone be used as reading books; others, which can be put into the hands of those only just able to read the most juvenile histories with some degree of ease and pleasure. I have, therefore, endeavoured to bring together a number of such pieces as may serve as the next in succession to those I have just mentioned; neither have I increased the bulk of the work to an unwieldy size.

A new book is always pleasing to a youth, it makes him consider his progress; he contemplates, with pleasure, his superiority to those he sees studying the books he has passed; and the change stimulates

stimulates him to industry, and makes him look forward to the time, when he will be equal to those who are now able to explain to him the difficulties he every now and then meets with; but a book of magnitude alarms his tender faculties, and his idea immediately tells him, he shall never be able to accomplish such an undertaking: he is then seized with despair, he has begun what, to him, can never be finished; negligence immediately succeeds; and, for want of the faculties being properly exerted, he is in danger of arriving to manhood rather impaired in his understanding than, as he might have been, an ornament to his society, and a pattern to succeeding generations. How careful then should a Master be not to alarm his Scholar, by the difficulty of his task! How careful should he be to rise in regular gradation from the most easy to the difficult! For this purpose, I have begun by introducing some few subjects in easy metre and language, as an enticement to the succeeding.

Speech, it is probable, is coeval with the being of man; no doubt, in the first instant very uncouth, there being, perhaps, no other words than names given to surrounding objects resembling them in some respect in the idea of the giver, till,

in succeeding ages, language was formed, and man became able, by the force of eloquence, to turn the atheist to a reverence of his God. We can trace back to very early times, a sort of verse in which, it seems, fathers would relate their actions to their children, and the teachers of religion would deliver their precepts, finding by that means they were fixed deeper in the memories of the learners; by which means, many of those circumstances, we now read of, were transmitted from father to son, till the invention of writing gave us more certain accounts. We find great attention paid to eloquence in very early ages; so much so, that in the time of the Greeks and Romans, it was brought to a great degree of excellence. This circumstance cannot but attract the notice of the contemplative mind, and create the desire of knowing the cause; nor does it require much labour to investigate that; for, in the present age, those desirous of attaining it continue to be impelled by the same ideas, the becoming superior to others in the powers of argument; and its excellence and utility for the purpose cannot be in the least doubted that is perceived even in common conversation. Hear with what ease, what elegance, accent, and force of language

language the studier of eloquence speaks! How lame are the sentences of the uncultivated mind! He has frequently not the power to express himself in such a manner as even to be understood. The cause of the difference is plain: the mind of one is expanded and corrected by the study of the beauties selected from the most excellent authors; the other, without improvement, is in the imperfect state of nature. In considering the Church, the Senate, or the Bar, eloquence shines forth in its brightest colours. The Church, where the man, who has made eloquence his study, ascends the pulpit, is thronged with auditors, while the ignorant man is left to preach to the bare walls. The Senator, frequently by the flow of words alone, is able to overcome the plainest argument, when not dressed in proper language; and, by his powers of speech alone, bears away the palm, at a time that another is obliged to sit still, and hear the greatest truths perverted, not daring to speak his knowledge, for want of a means to express it with proper force; and it has been frequently known that the arm of justice has been perverted, by the baseness of the accuser, for want of a proper person to defend the accused. These, and many other argu-

ments, prove the utility, and truly the necessity of the study of eloquence; if not to become an ornament to society, yet as a means to oppose the sophistry of a designing enemy.

Many possess themselves with an idea that this knowledge is not attainable, unless, like poetry, a person is born with a genius for it; but this is most ridiculous — perseverance will overcome the greatest difficulties. Remember Cicero, the great, the sublime Cicero! When first he dared to shew forth his powers in the Roman forum, returned home loaded with disgrace, having, for his miserable attempt, been obliged to hear the hisses of the surrounding multitude; but yet he persevered, and therefore conquered. Recollect him afterwards, in that same forum, contending with, and overcoming the greatest orators of the age. Remember Demosthenes also. — These, out of numerous examples, I have adduced to shew the ability where there is the will. It is in this, as in other powers of the human mind, which, being once exerted, rise in a most extraordinary degree to excellence; but, being neglected, become languid, and fall into decay. — *Memoria augetur cura, negligentia minuitur*; and, indeed, the memory is a chief instrument by which the height of eloquence

quence is to be attained; it must, therefore, be frequently exercised, taking particular care, however, not to tire it, by overloading it with too much at once; this may be easily known to the Master, by a little attention to the powers of the Scholar. Since a great part of our success depends on the memory, what means can there be better to exercise it than by acquiring by heart detached pieces, on various subjects, drawn from those Authors from whom we ought all to take pattern: they give different ideas, and expand the youthful mind; and, at the same time, that they give a flow of words, they are of the choicest sort. By practising these pieces frequently before the Master, that bashfulness, or rather *mauvaise honte*, vanishes, which gives such an unfavourable appearance to many youths; and, at the same time, that it emboldens them to hold forth their sentiments in the Senate, &c. it teaches them to pronounce their words and sentences, with a proper emphasis, energy, accent, and climax.

I shall now, without making any farther observations in defence of, or in shewing the use of, Elocution, proceed to give the ideas of BLAIR on Pronunciation and Delivery, in his own words.

INTRODUCTION.

THE MEANS TO BE USED FOR THE IMPROVE- MENT IN ELOQUENCE.

FROM DR. BLAIR'S LECTURES.

IN order to be a truly eloquent or persuasive speaker, nothing is more necessary than to be a virtuous man. This was a favourite position among the ancient rhetoricians—"Non posse oratorem esse nisi virum bonum." To find any such connection between virtue, and one of the highest liberal arts, must give pleasure; and it can, I think, be shewn, that this is not a mere topic of declamation, but that the connection here alledged is, undoubtedly, founded in truth and reason. For, consider first, whether any thing contributes more to persuasion, than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, disinterestedness, candour,

dour, and other good moral qualities of the person who endeavours to persuade? These give weight and force to every thing which he utters; nay, they add a beauty to it; they dispose us to listen with attention and pleasure, and create a secret partiality in favour of that side which he espouses. Whereas, if we entertain a suspicion of craft, and dissingenuousness of a corrupt, or a base mind, in the speaker, his eloquence loses all its real effect. It may entertain and amuse; but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of speech; and, viewed in this light, whom can it persuade? We even read a book with more pleasure, when we think favourably of its author; but when we have the living speaker before our eyes, addressing us personally on some subject of importance, the opinion we entertain of his character must have a much more powerful effect.

But lest it should be said that this relates only to the character of virtue, which one may maintain, without being at bottom a truly honest man, I must observe farther, that, besides the weight which it adds to character, real virtue operates also, in other ways, to the advantage of eloquence.

First, nothing is so favourable as virtue to the prosecution of honourable studies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, master of itself, disencumbered of those bad passions, and disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency.

Quintilian has touched this consideration very properly — “ *Quod si agrorum nimia cura, et sollicitor rei familiaris diligentia, et venandi voluptas, et dati spectaculis dies, multum studiis auferunt, quid putamus facturam cupiditatem, avaritiam, invidiam? Nihil enim est tam occupatum, tam multiforme, tot ac tam variis affectibus confisum atque laceratum, quam mala ac improba mens. Quis inter hæc, literis, aut ulli bonæ arti, locus? Non hercle magis quam frugibus, in terrarum sentibus ac rubis occupata.*”

But, besides this consideration, there is another of still higher importance, though I am not sure of its being attended to, as much as it deserves, namely, that from the fountain of real and genuine virtue are drawn those sentiments which will ever be most powerful in affecting the hearts of others. Bad as the world is, nothing
has

has so great and universal a command over the minds of men as virtue. No kind of language is so powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings. He only, therefore, who possesses these full and strong, can speak properly, and in its own language, to the heart. On all great subjects, and occasions, there is a dignity, there is an energy in noble sentiments, which is overcoming and irresistible: they give an ardour and a flame to one's discourse, which seldom fails to kindle a like flame in those who hear; and which, more than any other cause, bestows on eloquence that power, for which it is famed, of seizing and transporting an audience. Here art and imitation will not avail. An assumed character conveys nothing of this powerful warmth. It is only a native and unaffected glow of feeling, which can transmit the emotions to others. Hence the most renowned orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, were no less distinguished for some of the high virtues, as public spirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence. Beyond doubt, to these virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and these orations of theirs, in which there breathes most of the virtuous and magna-

nimous spirit, are those which have most attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more necessary for those who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead, or callous, they may be assured, that on every great occasion, they will speak with less power, and less success. The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate, are the following; the love of justice and order, and indignation at insolence and oppression; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption; magnanimity of spirit; the love of liberty, of their country, and the public; and a reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold, and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to eloquence; and no less so, is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration

tion of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should, at the same time, possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can easily relent; that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modesty, must also be studied by every public speaker. Modesty is essential; it is always, and justly, supposed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepossessing. But modesty ought not to run into excessive timidity. Every public speaker should be able to rest somewhat on himself; and to assume that air, not of self-complacency, but firmness, which bespeaks a consciousness of his being thoroughly persuaded of the truth or justice of what he delivers; a circumstance of no small consequence for making impression on those who hear.

RULES

RULES

PROPER TO BE KNOWN BY THOSE WHO STUDY

ELOCUTION.

LET the speaker poise himself on the leg on the same side that he uses his arm.

Suit the action to the speech.

In speaking a dialogue, take particular care to use that hand, and rest on that leg, which is next to the person you are speaking to, and the farthest from the audience.

Never turn your back on the audience.

Let your articulation be distinct and deliberate.

Let your pronunciation be bold and forcible.

With particular care avoid a monotony.

Remember each word, consisting of more than one syllable, has a particular accent.

Remember

Remember to give the emphatic word or words in the sentence their proper force.

Be particular in the length of your pauses.

Accompany the emotions and passions, which your words express, by correspondent tones, looks, and gestures.

Consider well the opposing words in every sentence.

Exceed not the bounds of nature, in action, voice, or gesture.

Let not your voice be too loud, or too low.

Avoid a thick, hasty, clattering pronunciation.

Read and speak slow, and with care and attention to the subject.

If your subject is *Love*, let your voice be soft, smooth, and languishing.

If *Anger*—strong, vehement, and elevated.

If *Sorrow*—low, flexibly interrupted.

If *Joy*—quick, sweet, and clear.

If *Fear*—dejected, tremulous, hesitating.

If *Courage*—full, bold, and loud.

If *Perplexity*—grave, steady, and earnest.

THE
ORATORICAL INSTRUCTOR.

SOPHISTRY.

BEFORE you enter the grand theatre of life, let me caution you against the sophistry which will be immediately used to ridicule the ideas you have imbibed, and to persuade you that they are the ideas of the morose or the ignorant; for such are the epithets the world bestows on those who either condemn, or refuse to join in its pursuits; that is, in the pursuits of the weak, or the vicious. Let no example or ridicule induce you to neglect any public or private duty of religion; omissions of this nature are followed first by a secret remorse, exceedingly painful to the mind; a remorse which habit may stifle, if not conquer, and which is succeeded by a callous indifference to the most momentous concerns of present and future existence. This indifference, however common it may be, is one of the grossest insults that can be offered to the Deity. I pray you be-
ware of it.

NESCIO.

COTTAGE

COTTAGE HAPPINESS.

Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe, or the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety, and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

STERNE.

FELLOW-FEELING.

There is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been, or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature, which disposes us for compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self; so that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits, we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress.

STERNE'S S.

THE

THE UNMERCIFUL MAN.

Look into the world—how often do you behold a sordid wretch—whose strait heart is open to man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, which none but the merciful, and compassionate, have a title to wear. Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand, nor to the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught, which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him; or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences which pity might lead him into, upon the occasion.

STERNE'S S.

PITY AND COMPASSION.

In benevolent natures the impulse to pity is so sudden, that like instruments of music which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the mind was altogether passive, in the sympathy

sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally, in such cases, so busily taken up, and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.—In generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a balance for self-preservation. God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature, to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

STERN'S S.

FRAILITY.

The best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities; and, were the accidental oversight and folly of the wisest man, the failings and imperfections of a religious man, the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man;—were they to rise up in judgment against them, and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark, in this manner, what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable is to be able to stand before him?

STERN'S S.

UNCERTAINTY.

There is no consideration in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change:—

change:—

change:—and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting, and desiring. By how many unforeseen causes may riches take wing!—The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world, have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do.

That which hath happened to one man, may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all actions.—Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.—Time and chance happens to all;—and the most affluent may be stript of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.

STERNE'S S.

UNITY.

Look into private life—behold, how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity;—it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that ran down to his skirts; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings; without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give.—It is this blessing gives

gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry;—in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it—it is that only which keeps up the harmony, and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion.

STERNE'S S.

MERCY.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not for want of courage, where just occasions presented, or called forth;—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly;—Go, says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one, which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, with the fly in his hand—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head; Go, says he, lifting up the fash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

STERN.

FROM

FROM THE LOSS OF

THE HALSEWELL EAST INDIAMAN.

" — But this one voyage," cried the worthy commander, " and I will enjoy that repose which such a series of care, anxiety, and fatigue demands. Returned to my native country, I will seek in retirement that quiet, which has been my ultimate view through these toils. Happy in my domestic connexions, my hours will then glide gently on till I can anchor in that peaceful haven where no storms molest." Thus he reasoned, when on a sudden, less propitious deities assume the sway.—The winds become adverse.—The sky lowers.—The snow falls in such abundance as to exclude all light, but what is reflected from its own lucid flakes.—The tempest rages with increasing violence.—Buffeted by the foaming billows, the ship yields to their irresistible force, and for four long wearisome days, is driven wherever they impel.—The masts go by the board.—All is confusion and dismay. The coast of Britain is at length regained;—but, alas! not with that gladness expectation fashioned.—Tremendous cliffs present themselves.—The anchors drag,—the last resource;—and, in the darkest hour of the darkest night, that ship, which a few days before so proudly braved the coming storm, dashes on the prominent rocks.—All subordination is at an end.—The crew,

anxious

anxious only for their own preservation, spring on the rock to avoid that destruction, which inevitably awaits them on board.—But death, no less dreadful, attends the greatest part of them there.—Some are instantly swept from their unsheltered asylum by the foaming surge. Others, having nearly gained the summit of the cliff by the aid of the neighbouring peasants, feeble, and enervated through fatigue, loose their hold, and are dashed to pieces.—

The few who are left on board find but a momentary delay to their dissolution.—“ Absorpt in the briny vortex—they sink—to rise no more.”

SMIRKE.

THE STORM.

Behold the storm begins! the boisterous waves break on yon wave-worn rock! the thunders roar, and, in dreadful clashing, announce the Almighty power of their heavenly Author! Lo, the electric fire divine darts through the parting clouds, and, for a while, illuminates the surrounding gloom; vivid lightning! awful sight! in thy tremendous aspect, thou dost impart to the trembling traveller a supernatural awe!

Regard your shattered bark, which is tossed about at the pleasure of the winds.—In vain the pilot attempts to guide her.—Alas! he now quits the helm, and

and to the mercy of unforeseen fate resigns her!—Behold her now urged by the furious surf!—See how she drives against the rugged cliff!—Hark!—Whence proceeded that tumult which thrilled my ears, and struck an universal terror through my soul?—Alas! it was the final shriek of the distressed crew—they are perished in the involving waters of the deep! the vessel founders! she sinks! and now is seen no more!—Oh, how I pity you mourning maiden, whose white robings flutter in the blast, and who, wildly wailing from her wave-environed footsteps, regardless of danger, adds fresh horror to the scene!—Her piteous cries mix with the howling winds!—Alas! She struggles yet!—But now—she sinks to the bed of the involving deep. Nescio.

PASSION.

What a Demon is passion! its sudden bursts how dreadful! its continuance how alarming! and its end how fatal!

It is a temporary frenzy, and affects the mind with as much horror as madness.—Just God! what does not a man in the paroxysm of rage endure! what melancholy ideas doth he not encourage! A blazing furnace is cold in comparison to his feelings; it takes a longer time to cool at first, is more easily awakened, and is with difficulty quenched at last:

his

his

his soul is like Vesuvius, that is continually breeding and emitting flames; the fever ascends the brain, and from thence breaks forth with fire and madness.

The trigger that is drawn by the deliberate hand of suicide is not half so convulsed as that which shakes with anger, and threats with fury, resentment, and despair.

RECLUSE.

THE SPEECH OF

SENECA, THE PHILOSOPHER, TO NERO:

Complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might be no longer an object of their malignity.

May it please the imperial majesty of Caesar favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours.

C

It

It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to equality with the Patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name or family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the *fusti*?* Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates, and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expence, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar

* The *fusti*, or calendars, or the almanacks of the ancients, had, as our almanacks have, tables of kings and consuls, &c.

Cæsar has given royalty, as became imperial magnificence; Seneca has received what his prince has bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the rank of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn out servant leave to retire. I will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness, to have it said, that he bestowed favour on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

CORN. TACIT.

SPEECH OF CHARIDEMUS,
AN ATHENIAN EXILE AT THE COURT OF DARIUS,

*On being asked his opinion of the warlike preparations
making by that prince against Alexander.*

Perhaps your majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile : and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your majesty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendor of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your majesty is going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear ; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broken through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline,

pline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your majesty's troops are so vain; I mean gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thessalian, Arcanian, and Eolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in spite of all opposition, overrun half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes, hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops; and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produced those conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been, who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

Q. CURTIUS.

SPEECH OF

TITUS QUINCTIUS TO THE ROMANS,

When the Æqui and Volci, taking advantage of their intestine commotions, ravaged their country to the gates of Rome.

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death, (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What I might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt!—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise? the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are

in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither Gods or men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician Magistrates, and we Plebian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal Gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the Republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are subject to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it; and we still

suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you shew less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can summon up courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not drive them out of our territory in a few days. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

HOOKE.

SPEECH OF CANULEIUS,

A ROMAN TRIBUNE, TO THE CONSULS.

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom

of

of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices, and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin!—What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? Must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but, to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made King of Rome; the elder Tarquin, by birth, not even an Italian, was, nevertheless, placed upon the throne; Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. And did the state prosper less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of our kings? We have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens. I would fain know of you consuls, and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either

make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me consuls; whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city; I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence, and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat them like strangers in their own country.

HOORÉ.

HOTSPUR READING A LETTER.

"But, for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In the respect of the love he bears our house! He shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see more, "The purpose you undertake is dangerous."—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety.—"The purpose you undertake is dangerous;

dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself, unforted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind. What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot very good friends.—What a frothy-spirited rogue is this! Why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with a lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglaſes? Have I not their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a rascal is this! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear, and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE PERFECT SPEAKER.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the subject, for a while, superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, all are busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul

to foul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Houses, churches mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather;
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irreligious;
 Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
 Shewy outsides, insides empty;
 Baubles, trades; mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
 Warrants, bailiffs, debts unpaid,
 Lords, and laundresses afraid;
 Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
 Noble, simple, all conditions;
 Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villainy bedaubed all over;
 Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray;

Handsome,

Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
 Some that will not, more that will;
 Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a woman not unwilling;
 Many a bargain if you strike it,
 This is London—how do you like it.

THE LARK.

From callow young, and downy nest,
 The tuneful Lark now leaves his nest;
 Cheerful he spreads his glossy wings,
 And rises higher as he sings.

By slow degrees he mounts the sky;
 At length eludes the searching eye.
 Still more remote and more remote,
 Is faintly heard his twitt'ring note.

A pause ensues—but hark! again
 Methinks I hear the distant strain,
 That with the æther seems to play,
 Descending down the beams of day.

Now pois'd upon the waving air,
 Again his notes are shrill but clear:
 Now dropping culls his insect food,
 Then helps to tend the callow brood.

J. B. H. original, from Gent. Mag.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Plaintive warbler, king of song,
 Sweetest of the airy throng!
 Perch'd amid the dark-brown trees,
 Bearing chorus to the breeze :
 While the moon-beam's mellow light,
 Steals upon the gloom of night,
 Thou shalt fill my soul with pleasure,
 Mournful, as thy mournful measure.

Mournful pleasure soothes the breast;
 Lulls the beating heart to rest;
 Gay delusions only cloy,
 Painful is excess of joy;
 Lasting comforts gently flow,
 Such as only Seraphs know;
 Swell then, swell thy dulcet throat,
 With thy soft, thy liquid note.

J. B. H. original, from Gent. Mag.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

See! where the spider weaves the line,
 In many a circling ring;
 So slight the texture is, so fine,
 So thin the heart-drawn string,

That

That scarce the filmy web is seen
Spread o'er the velvet grass;

And not a zephyr sighs between

The meshes, as they pass:

Yet if by chance a vagrant fly

Shall in the toils be ta'en,

Her struggles can no aid apply,

No freedom can they gain.

Thus, when th' insidious wretch is set

To blast a friend's repose,

He weaves the unsuspected net,

That binds him to his woes.

SOMBRE. *Orig. Poetry, Gent. Mag.*

WINTER. AN ODE.

No more the Morn, with tepid rays,

Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue;

Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,

Nor gentle Eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night,

Usurping darkness shares the day;

Her mists restrain the force of light,

And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars!
 Congeal'd, th' impetuous show'rs descend;
 Haste—close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me *Stella*, and a friend!

In Nature's aid, let Art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouse, rouse the fire; pile it high;
 Light up a constellation here!

Let Music sound the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary Winter brings,
 When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more
 Nor Music charms, tho' *Stella* sings,
 Nor Love, nor Wine, the Spring restore.

Catch

Catch then! Oh! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer!—Man a flow'r,
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies.

AN HYMN,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE 19TH PSALM.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled Heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim;
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole;
 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found!

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is Divine."

ADDISON.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew,
 His wisdom, and his honest fame,
 Through all the country, rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher, (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from Schools)
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece or Rome survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refined?
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?

Or,

Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates or realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
The customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly replied;
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog, (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind,
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the Dove.
The Hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,

And

And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From Nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule ;
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When Men the solemn Owl despise ?
My tongue within my lips I reign,
For who talks most must talk in vain :
We from the wordy torrent fly ;
Who listens to the chatt'ring Pye ?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right,
Rapacious animals we hate :
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad, and serpent kind ?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation :
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is just, the sage replies :
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen ;
Books as affected are, as Men :

But

But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth, his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

GAY.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
 By precepts and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
 His master, what his art could do;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd it's fright,
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
 The Muses drop the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er

Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
 The lash resounds, the courfers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;
 And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes,
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
 And now along th' indented plain,
 The self-same track he marks again,
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glow'd;
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy;
 For he, deep judging sage, behold
 With pain the triumphs of the field;
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
 Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd)
 With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there,
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,

If well employed, at less expence,
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
 To govern men, and guide the state.

WHITEHEAD.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

All our praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross;
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick ? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives,
 Is there a variance ? Enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attornies, now a uselefs race.
 Thrice happy Man ! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do !
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
 What mines, to swell that boundlefs charity ?
 Of debts, and taxes, wife, and children clear,
 This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your
 blaze !

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays :

And what ! no monument, inscription, stone ?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown !
 Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name.
 Go search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor, makes all the history ;
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between ;
 Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

POPE.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unprais'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave e'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;

But

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious Man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round it's breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

ANTHONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that Men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral,
 He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly Crown;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause.
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him!
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And

And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me—
My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.—

If You have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made.——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
'This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops,

Kind souls; what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see, by traitors,—

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed, are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable:
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That loves my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Anthony, there were an Anthony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief! and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes ; why should we repine ?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see ;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.
 A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
 But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My catle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.
 My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage ;
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.
 My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.
 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh ! give relief ! and Heaven will bless your store.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle tow'rd my hand ? come, let me clutch thee,
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, and false creation
 Proceeding from the heart oppress'd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.—
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still;
 And on the blade o'th' dudgeon, gout's of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 (Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch,) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'nds his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou found and firm set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way the walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives,—
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
 Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKSPEARE.

PROLOGUE TO
ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this, the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys—
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caesar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly

Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaст;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
 Her last good man, dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Caesar's, less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like thus approv'd;
 And shew, you have the virtue to be mov'd.

POPE.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, *The Desert*.—TIME, *Mid-day*.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
 One cuse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

D 6

' Ah!

- ‘ Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
- ‘ The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find !
- ‘ Bethink thee, Haffan, where shall thirst assuage,
- ‘ When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ;
- ‘ Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
- ‘ Then what but tears, and hunger shall be thine ?
- ‘ Ye mute companions of my toils that bear,
- ‘ In all my griefs a more than equal share !
- ‘ Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
- ‘ Or moss-crown’d fountains mitigate the day,
- ‘ In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
- ‘ Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow ;
- ‘ Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
- ‘ And faint, and sickly winds for ever howl around,
- ‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- ‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !
- ‘ Curst be the gold, and silver, which persuade
- ‘ Weak men, to follow far-fatiguing trade !
- ‘ The lily, Peace, out-shines the silver store,
- ‘ And life is dearer than the golden ore :
- ‘ Yet money tempts us o’er the desert brown,
- ‘ To ev’ry distant mart and wealthy town.
- ‘ Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
- ‘ And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
- ‘ Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made ?
- ‘ Or why, fond man, so easily betray’d ?
- ‘ Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
- ‘ The gentle voice of Peace, or pleasure’s song ?

• Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 • The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
 • Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 • Than dreary defarts, if they lead to gold?
 • Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 • When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
 • O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 • When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
 • What if the lion in his rage I meet!
 • Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 • And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
 • Yields her pale empire to the mourner, Night;
 • By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 • Gaunt wolves, and sullen tigers, in his train;
 • Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way!
 • Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 • Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 • When first from Schiraz's walls I bent my way!
 • O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
 • The tender Zara, will be most undone!
 • Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'ful maid
 • When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she said:
 • "Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
 • Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain;
 • Yet, as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
 • Weak, and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
 • Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
 • Nor griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like me!"
 • O let

' O let me safely to my fair return,
 ' Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
 ' Let me teach my heart to lose it's fears,
 ' Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!
 He said; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

COLLINS.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

Retire;—The world shut out;—Thy thoughts call
 home;—
 Imagination's airy wing repress;
 Lock up thy senses;—Let no passions stir;—
 Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone;—
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire:

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
 But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal; had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been; Eternal there must be,—
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
 Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.

Whence

Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?—
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 Would want some other Father;—much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
 Design implies intelligence, and art;
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
 Man can scarce comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man.—
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? The each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust.
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos'd?
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 In Mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
 If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 And that, with greater far, than human skill,
 Resides not in each block;—A Godhead reigns,—
 And if a God there is, that God how great!

YOUNG.

ON

ON MERCY.

A Speech of Portia in the Merchant of Venice.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest! it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice; therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in a course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. — — —

SHAKSPEARE.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT IN A CAMP.

From Camp to Camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch;
 Fire, answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle, sees the other's umber'd face;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident, and over-lusty French
 For the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gated night;
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!
 For he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy good-natur'd fellow
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
 Body Coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
 No better e'er sat on a box to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took more care of their babes, than he of his horses,
 He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more;
 But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er:
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.

Now,

" Now, William (says he), you see the plain case
 " Had you drank as he does, you'd keep a good place."
 " Drink water ! (quoth William) had all men done so,
 " You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
 " They're foakers, like me, whom you load with
 " reproaches,
 " That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches."

TAYLOR.

THE OLD CHEESE.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
 The wit which Nature had to him denied;
 But then she had a tongue, that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid.

This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
 For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
 Yet still into his story she would break
 With—" 'Tis not so; pray give me leave to speak."
 His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
 Not diff'ring much from calling him a fool;

Told

Told him, he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.

He said, " That the next Tuesday noon would shew,
" Whether he were the Lord at home, or no ;
" When their good company he would entreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clean if homely meat."

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose ;
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.

" I'll grant your wish, cries she, that you may see
" 'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bousy farmer, with his simp'ring dame.

" Ho, Sue ! (cries Slouch) why dost not thou appear !
" Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here ?"
" I pardon ask, (says Sue), I'd not offend
" Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying—" There was nothing fit to eat :

" The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not enough,
" The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough ;
" The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to oil ;
" And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil."

Sue all this while many excuses made;
 Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
 The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch—" This
 " e'en shall roll;

" I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
 " This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
 " And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.

" Pray let me rise" says Sue, " my dear; I'll find
 " A cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."

Then in an entry standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt—

" I'll try, my joy," she cried, " if I can please
 " My dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang—" Is't the Old Cheese, my
 " dear?

" No need, no need, of Cheese, (cries Slouch,) I'll
 " swear,

" I think I've din'd as well as my Lord-Mayor."

KING.

THE

THE THREE WARNINGS.

'The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still, to quit the ground,
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom,
 With him, into another room;
 And looking grave—" You must (says he),
 " Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 • With you! and quit my Susan's side?
 • With you! (the hapless husband cried):
 • Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
 • Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
 What more he urg'd I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger;
 So death the poor delinquent spar'd,
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—

- Neighbour, (he said), farewell ; no more
- Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
- And farther, to avoid all blame
- Of cruelty upon my name,
- To give you time for preparation,
- And fit you for your future station,
- Three several warnings you shall have,
- Before you're summon'd to the grave :
- Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
- And grant a kind reprieve ;
- In hopes you'll have no more to say,
- But when I call again this way,
- Well pleas'd the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near,
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace:
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus along Life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.
 And now, one night, in musing mood

As all alone he sat,

Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate

Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,

' So soon return'd ! ' old Dobson cries.

' So soon d'ye call it ! ' Death replies.

' Surely, my friend, you're but in jest ! '

' Since I was here before

' 'Tis fix-and-twenty years at best,

' And you are now fourscore.

' So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd,

' To spare the aged would be kind :

' Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,

' Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !

' I know,' cries Death, that 'at the best,

' I seldom am a welcome guest ;

' But don't be captious, friend, at least ;

' I little thought you'd still be able

' To stump about your farm and stable ;

' Your

- Your years have run to a great length;
 • I wish you joy, tho' of your strength!
 • Hold,' says the farmer, not so fast!
 • I have been lame these four years past.
 • And no great wonder,' Death replies;
 • However, you still keep your eyes;
 • And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 • For legs and arms would make amends.
 • Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might.
 • But latterly I've lost my sight.
 • This is a shocking story, saith;
 • Yet there's some comfort still, says Death;
 • Each strives your sadness to amuse;
 • I warrant you hear all news;
 • There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
 • I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.
 • Nay then' the spectre stern rejoins'd,
 • These are unjustifiable yearnings;
 • If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 • You've had your three sufficient warnings,
 • So come along, no more we'll part;
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
 And now, old Dobson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

MRS. TRALETT

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors,
 My very noble and approv'd good Masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head, and front, of my offending
 Hath this extent; no more.—Rude am I in speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest actions in the tented field;
 And little of this great World can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself.—Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with—

Her father lov'd me, oft' invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travels' history.

————— All these to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline.
 But still the House-affairs would draw her hence
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful——
 She wish'd she had not heard it——yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man :——she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;

And I lov'd her, that she did pity them,
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

A CORPORATION DINNER.

As dinner was order'd precisely at three,
I reach'd the Town-hall with their time to agree,
Where I found the gourmands all prepar'd cap-a-pee;
In the room, *très magnifique*, an elegant building,
Was a head of Minerva, envelop'd by gilding:
The springs of virtue say 'twas done in a freak;
By a worthy old Magistrate—one Master Leake,
Who lov'd simple truth, and abhor'd the antique;
But especially who taught Grecians their letters,
And made low Plebians as wise as—their betters.
When hunger had whetted my stomach's desires,
I took my seat next some good jolly squire's;
When Alderman Stump with two cheeks like two codlins,
Who resembles old stupid, the Provost of Maudslins;
Though in nasal proportions, the Cits somewhat coarser,
Politely insisted I'd swallow a forc'er!
His intentions at first I could not comprehend,
But he soon put my doubts and my fears at an end,
By calling a waiter, who stood by just handy,
To bring, from the side-board, a bumper of brandy.—
The guests, all expectant, by this time near frantic,
Look'd like half-famish'd sharks in the foaming Atlantic:
Where

' Where can be the dinner?' 'claim'd one at the top,
 ' Where can be the dinner?' baul'd Alderman Sop;
 At length the long-wish'd-for—blest consequence came,
 And the cook op'd the door with his face in a flame;
 Follow'd close by some dozens, who each bore a dish,
 Encumber'd with poultry, with flesh, or with fish.

We were all so close hemm'd, scarce an earthquake
 could rout us,
 And soups, and surloins, smoak'd abundant about us:
 Now each seiz'd his prey, e'er the cook could uncover,
 And the chaplain said grace—with his fork in a plover.
 I sat harrow'd with thought when I saw them begin,
 And exclaim'd, Heaven help us if eating's a sin!
 For all went to labour, like masons at Babel,
 And confusion burst forward, and govern'd the table;
 Three-fourths had assembled at gaunt famine's call,
 And 'twas each for himself, and the Lord for us all:
 ' Here waiter, you waiter,—come, none of your sneers—
 ' I've baul'd my throat sore—sure the scoundrel's no ears,
 ' More bread, bring some porter—you dog where's the
 ' mustard;
 ' A wing of that duck—more leveret—some custard!
 ' Why all the fat's gone from the turtle!—here's no
 ' manners!
 ' Zounds! the geese are tough as the hides of old tanners;
 ' A bottle of *Wind* there, for I and my friend here,
 ' This feast is not worth half the time that we spend
 ' here.—

• Neighbour Spriggings—I challenge your glass hob-a-
• nob;—

• Where the devil's the *Wenfon*?—this dinner's a job.

• More pepper—a slice of that haunch where the rest
• cut;—

• You villain! the gravy has spoil'd my new waistcoat.

• I've been roaring for that Spanish *Hingun* this hour;

• A morsel of *Weal*—'s blood the sherry is four.'—

Thus anarchy's claims became broader and broader,
Till a voice, from the chair, thunder'd—gentlemen,
order!

Now silence prevail'd, and the monster was tam'd,

Till—'all charge your glasses' was loudly proclaim'd—

Then bottles, and bowls, went in quick circulation,

Full of liquor that threaten'd a small inundation;

Often three hands at once grappled hard a decanter,

For thirst conquer'd mirth, and e'en wit would not banter.

• Here's the King!' roar'd the Mayor with a sonorous
• sound,

• Here's the King!' echo'd all the queer banqueters
• round.

Then a codger observ'd he was happy to dine,

When the Mayor knew his cue—for the Mayor deals
in wine.

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

ON THE IMMORTALTY OF THE SOUL.

If we with brutes must share a common fate,
 Nor quit this earthly, for a better state,
 If cruel death destroys the thinking part,
 And strikes the spirit, as it strikes the heart,
 Say, to what purpose was our reason given,
 Reason, the greatest, noblest gift of heaven?
 Say, who would ever be upon their guard
 'Gainst vice, if virtue meets with no reward?
 Much happier does the libertine appear,
 Who drinks of pleasure's cup without a fear;
 His days are jovial, every scene is gay,
 And in amusements pass his time away,
 'Till the last period of his life is come,
 And death conducts him to the silent tomb.
 Turn from this picture of earth's happy man,
 And let us that of virtue's votaries scan;
 See merit oft expos'd to envious hate,
 The frowns of fortune, and the storms of fate;
 See the good man by dire misfortune led,
 Subservient to the wealthy fool for bread;
 There often doom'd to hear what gives offence
 To truth, morality, and common sense.
 'Till worn with sorrow, and by grief oppress'd,
 The weary soul sighs for its promis'd rest,
 And like the hireling, working for his pay,
 Welcomes the evening of a toilsome day;

If this be true, what greater proof can rise,
 That virtue blooms but in her native skies;
 The charming plant here nurs'd with tender care,
 By death transplanted, yields its produce there :
 This thought alone can the good man sustain,
 And give him ease in poverty and pain.
 Who will not calmly bear stern fortune's frown,
 That knows he soon shall gain a heavenly crown ?
 Who does on sublunary bliss depend,
 That hopes a happiness which ne'er shall end ?
 Have courage then, ye meritorious few,
 Whom strong temptations labour to subdue,
 Fight the good fight, and with life's latest breath
 Prove glorious victors over sin and death.

M. DAWSON,

CAT'S-PAW.

AN ANCIENT HISTORICAL BALLAD:

*On the Defeat of a Memorable four-footed Marston at
 H—g—n Hall, in the County of Bucks.*

Puss, a prime princefs of the pack,
 The lov'liest piece of white and black
 Of all her purring kind;
 Her fur was gloss'd with sable jet,
 And ermine snows—Disaster yet
 May royal beauty find:

'Twas

'Twas on a day, ill-fated sure!
(No day is man or cat secure)

She left her guardian's lap;
The rooms wide-wandering, unrestrain'd,
She chanc'd ('twas so the fates ordain'd)

Where stood a baited trap,
Of guile-laid cheese, to rob the gin,
Too far she taps her paw within;
Up flew the treach'rous spring.

Mice, that peep'd squinting from their holes,
Cou'd not help shouting, for their souls,
Huzza boys! save the king!

Hum-bugg'd and vex'd, you well may think,
Scoff'd knapt-toe could but fit and blink

In patience, as became her;
Her ruminating mind grew sad:
Disgrace so foul must have drove mad

A cat less wife, tho' tamer.

Her face she cunningly compos'd,
Sat still—look'd prim—as if she dos'd,

The more her shame to smother:
Yet mutt'ring spoke, and thus she said,
"Ye dogs, and ev'ry vermin head,

"I'll mark you—child and mother!"
Her pangs to quell, as hist'ry saith,
By luck or fate brought (your saith
For me, on which you will pin)

The mistress of the jail-bound beast
 Came, and in nick of time releast
 The fav'rite of Miss K-l-p-n.

Ah Puffs! with cheese no more make free;
 (My moral caterwauls to thee;

Thus, lo! in verse it cries out)

" Had these scrub pest'ers of the house

" Hearts, but, or courage of a mouse,

" Zooks! they'd have claw'd thy eyes out!"

NESCIO.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A Wolf and Lamb, one sultry day,
 To the same meadow chanc'd to stray :
 By thirst constrain'd, they sought the rill
 That issues from a neighb'ring hill,
 The wolf stood near the fountain's head,
 The Lamb, far distant, down the mead.

Isgrim, who dearly lov'd disputes,
 With fell intent the Lamb salutes :

" You, Sir! stand off! you tread the brink in,

" And mud the stream so, there's no drinking."

The harmless Lamb, with much surprise,
 Looks up, and, trembling, thus replies,

" I cannot think, Sir, that can be :

" The stream runs down from you to me."

• You

" You can't think, scoundrel, don't be saucy ;
" I'll tell you, rascal, what the laws say,
" Besides, you mutter'd so and so,
" Behind my back, six months ago."
" Upon my word, Sir ! you mistake ;
" (But don't be angry, for Heav'n's sake)
" I never could have such intention :
" Nor was I born the time you mention."

The Wolf, by force of truth repell'd
With shame and anger, foam'd and swell'd,
" It was your father then, cries he,
" And that's the very same to me."

He said—and seiz'd the helpless victim ;
Then to the bones the villain pick'd him.

NESCIO.

THE RUBBER.

The hour employ'd at tea being o'er,
(The noisiest in the twenty-four)
Scandal and politics suspended,
And each, as charming converse, ended,
John sets the table, cards appear,
And enter—Int'rest, Hope, and Fear.
The different lots are drawn, to shew
In this strange combat, friend from foe ;
Their parties made, they take their seats,
Declare their play, and name their bets.

All mov'd by Int'rest, now proceed—
 And— You're to deal.— Then I'm to lead.—
 The cards are dealt—the trump display'd—
 Signal for fight— Who led the spade?—
 • Those clubs have answer'd—Aye, a curse—
 • I hope those hearts will do no worse,
 • How hot the room! my face is burn'd—
 • That trick again, before it's turn'd.—
 • I'm puzzled now—I do protest—
 • I think that diamond is the best.—
 • Well how are honours? Equal say you?—
 • Then deal again—and Madam, play you.—
 The other party now advance
 As fav'rites of the Goddess Chance;
 For they who lost the trick before,
 Now save their lurch, and add two more.
 This rais'd their hope, dispell'd their fear,
 Express'd by laughter, noise, and sneer.
 But short their glory, short their fame,
 The others win a single game.
 Now int'rest waxes warm apace,—
 The cards are shuff'd—cut! an ace!
 • An ace—'fore gad—'tis very plain,
 • You slip the cards—let's deal again.
 • The deal is right, attend your play;
 • S'death Ma'am, you throw the game away;
 • And what is worse, my money too!
 • I ne'er, again, will play with you!

- Be patient, Sir; for had you play'd—
- Patient, indeed! See what they've made!
- They'll call next time, and will be out;
- You ne'er had luck—'tis past a doubt.

Would it not have been wrong, to baulk
 One who could thus prophetic talk?
 The cards were dealt—the honours came,—
 They triumph'd in a double game.
 The patient did the peevish drub,
 A single, double, and the rub.

Allow, nor think me too severe,
 To add one short reflection here:
 E'en at a game of whist we find,
 How int'rest warps the human mind;
 Small tho' the stake, Ah! see we not,
 Politeness, decency, forgot!—
 Self leaves at distance manners, sense,
 Whether we play for pounds or pence.

SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF TIME.

The seven first years of life, man's break of day,
 Gleams of short sense a dawn of thought display:
 When *Fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
 His soft and balmy meanings learns to speak:
 From *Twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date;
 Yet is not strength complete till *Twenty-eight*:

Thence

Thence to his *Five-and-thirtieth*, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire;
 At *Forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care;
 With *Forty-nine* behold his toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace;
 At *Fifty-six* cool reason reigns intire,
 Then life burns steady, and with temperate fire;
 But *Sixty-three* unbends the body's strength,
 'Ere th' unwearied mind has run her length;
 And when from *Seventy*, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd, she stops short, and wishes all were past.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

Once on a time, so runs the fable,
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord.
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *conte qui conte*,
 He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

Yet,

Yet, to his guest, though no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind, and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But shew'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, ' I vow you're mighty neat.
 ' But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
 ' For God's sake, come, and live with men;
 ' Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 ' Both small and great, both you and I:
 ' Then spend your life in joy, and sport;
 ' This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.'

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
 To a small house near Lincoln's-Inn;
 'Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late,

Behold the place, where, if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might shew it;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it, in a word, be said
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red:

The

The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,
And down the mice sate *à terre*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
‘*Que ça est bon!* An gouter ça!
‘ That jelly’s rich, this malmsey healing,
‘ Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.’
Was ever such a happy swain?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
‘ I’m quite asham’d—’tis mighty rude
‘ To eat so much—but all’s so good.
‘ I have a thousand thanks to give—

‘ My lord alone knows how to live.’
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all;

‘ A rat, a rat! clap to the door!’
The cat comes bounding on the floor;
O, for the heart of Homer’s mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!—
‘ An’t please your honour,’ quoth the peasant,
‘ This same desert is not so pleasant;
‘ Give me again my hollow tree,
‘ A crust of bread, and liberty!’

POPE.

REPORT

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Between nose and eyes, a strange contest arose;

The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;

The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause

With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;

While chief-baron ear sat to balance the laws,

So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the nose, it will quickly appear,

And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,

That the nose has had spectacles always in wear;

Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—

Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,

Design'd to fit close to it just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose

('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)

That the visage or countenance had not a nose;

Pray who would, or who could wear the spectacles
then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shews,

With a reasoning the court will never condemn;

That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,

And the nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
 He pleaded again in behalf of the eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know;
 For the court did not think they were equally wise,
 So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive, and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
 That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light—eyes should be shut.
 COWPER.

**RICHMOND ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS
 AGAINST RICHARD THE THIRD.**

Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment,
 Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
 Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
 It's ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
 Is now even in the centre of the isle.
 Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As mild behaviour and humanity;

But

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment :
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold face ;
 But if we thrive, the glory of the action
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 Sound drums, and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully :
 The words, St. George, Richmond, and Victory !

HENRY THE FIFTH

ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.

What's he that wishes more men from England ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ? no my fair cousin,
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow !
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour,
 Heav'n's will ! I pray thee with not one man more,
 In truth I am not covetous of gold ;
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive :
 No, good my lord, with not a man from England :
 Heav'n's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more methinks would share from me,

For

For the best hopes I have, with not one more:
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
 And crowns of convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the feast of Crispian;
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian;
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars;
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember with advantages
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispine Crispian shall ne'er go by
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd!
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall

Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England, now in bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap while any speak
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

**MARCELLUS'S SPEECH TO THE MOB
 IN JULIUS CÆSAR.**

Wherefore rejoice ! That Cæsar comes in triumph !—
 What conquest brings he home ?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 Oh you hard hearts ! You cruel men of Rome !
 Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome,
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tyber trembl'd underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?

And

And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
 Be gone—
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

ROM. INT. CY. T. JES. R. S. SUB. I. ED. HAM.

ODE ON A DISTANT
 PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glebe,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
 Ah, fields below'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,

As

As waving fresh their gladfome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arms thy glassy wave?
 The captive-linnet which enthal?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chafe the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
 Their murm'ring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :

Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run, they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is their's by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :

Their's

There's buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn,
 Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play! yea! yea!
 No sense have they of ill to come,
 No care beyond to-day;
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murder'ous band,
 Ah, shew them they are men!
 These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that sculks behind;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim visag'd comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn & sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy ;
 The strings of falsehood those shall try,

And hard unkindness alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
 And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen ;

The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen !

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vital rage,
 Lo, poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his suff'ring : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,

The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies,
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be?—that's the question.—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or take up arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
 No more ; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 The flesh is heir to ;—'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep? perchance to dream:—Ah, there's the rub:
 For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who wou'd bear the whips and scorns of th' time,
 Th' oppressors wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the laws delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes ;
 When he himself might his quietus make

With

With a bare bodkin? Who wou'd fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after Death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

THE KILLING OF A BOAR.

This has been a day of glorious sport:
 When all my gay companions left me,
 Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
 So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
 With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
 That seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Best to observe, which way he'd lead the chase,
 Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
 As he already had me for his prey;
 Till brandishing my well pois'd javelin high,

With this bold executing arm, I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

OTWAY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S FAREWEL SPEECH.

Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; To-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, who swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length's broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he wou'd aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears, than war, or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

THE

THE LION OVERCOME BY A MAN.

The prince in a lone court was plac'd,
 Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
 A pair of gauntlets.
 At last, the door of an old lion's den
 Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
 The flames, which from his eyes shot glaring red,
 Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
 And round them cast a day of blood and death:
 The prince walk'd forward: the large beast descri'd
 His prey, and with a roar that made us pale,
 Flew fiercely on him: but Lyfimacus
 Starting aside, avoided his first stroke,
 With a slight hurt; and as the lion turn'd,
 Thrust gauntlet, arm and all, into his throat:
 Then, with Herculean force, tore forth by th' roots
 The foaming bloody tongue; and while the savage,
 Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
 To plow it with his teeth; your conqu'ring soldier
 Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.

L E E.

SY-PAX'S ACCOUNT OF NUMIDIAN VIRTUE.

Believe me, prince, there's not an African
 That traverses the vast Numidian deserts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practices these boasted virtues,

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
 Amidst the running stream he flakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
 And if the following day he chanc'd to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

ADDISON'S CATO.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD KING.

Yes, we have lost a Father!
 The greatest blessing heaven bestows on mortals,
 And seldom found amidst these wiles of time,
 A good, a worthy King!—Hear me, my Tranced,
 And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
 How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
 'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
 He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
 The good exalted, and the bad depress'd:
 He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
 Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,
 Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:
 Well knowing that a people in their rights
 And industry protected; living safe
 Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;

Encourag'd

Encourag'd their genius, arts, and labours;
 And happy each, as he himself deserves;
 Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
 Thus will for him provide: their filial love,
 And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
 And every honest man, his faithful guard.

THOMPSON.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so:—Plato thou reason'st well:—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after Immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought?—Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the *divinity* that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates *eternity* to man.
 Eternity!—thou pleasing,—dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th'unbounded prospect lies before me:
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold—if there's a power above us,
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue:

And that which *be* delights in, must be happy.
 But when!--or where!--this world was made for *Cæsar*.
 I'm weary of conjectures;—this must end them.
 Thus am I doubly arm'd:—my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:
 This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
 But this informs me, I shall never die.
 The foul secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature shrink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUES.

TAMERLANE AND DERVISE.

TAMERLANE.

THOU bring'st me thy credentials from the highest,
From Alha, and our Prophet.—Speak thy message,
It must import the best and noblest ends.

DERVISE.

Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n thee
To reign and conquer: Ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high heav'n, hast beaten down
And trampled on religious sanctity.

TAMERLANE.

Now, as I am a soldier, and a king,
(The greatest names of honour) do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of heaven awes me,
Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive th'offending thought, with fury out.

DERVISE.

Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,
 By fostering the pernicious Christian sect;
 Those, whom his sword pursu'd with fell destruction,
 Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils;
 They are thy only friends. The true believers
 Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

TAMERLANE.

I fear me, thou out-go'st the Prophet's order,
 And bring'st his venerable name to shelter.
 A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,
 Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,
 Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,
 Viruous and great, a warrior, and a prince.

DERVISE.

He is a Christian; there our law condemns him,
 Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

TAMERLANE.

'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous
 For differing from the rules your schools devise.
 Look round, how Providence bestows alike
 Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
 On different nations, all of different faiths;
 And (tho' by several names and titles worship'd).
 Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;
 Since, all agree to own, at least to mean,
 One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

Thus,

Thus, when he viewed the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety.

DERVISE.

Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown not, prince!
Full of the prophet, I despise the danger
Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee
To hear, and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?
Why have I given thee conquest; but to spread
My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth.

And make my holy Mecca, the world's worship!
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,
Plant there the prophets' name; with sword and fire
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
Confess him only.

TAMERLANE.

Had he but commanded
My sword to conquer all, to make the world
Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard,
And Phillip's son, and Cæsar did as much;
But to subdue th'unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect
Upon all apprehensions; to force this
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do;
Impossible! Unless souls were alike
In all, which differ now like human face.

DERVISE.

Well might the holy cause be carry'd on,

If Mussalmen did not make war on Mussulmen,
 Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch?
 Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the Prophet's curse
 Release the royal Bajazet, and join,
 With force united, to destroy the Christians.

TAMERLANE.

'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd thy zeal.
 What shallow politicians set thee on,
 In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?

DERVISE.

Our Prophet only—

TAMERLANE.

No—thou dost believe him.
 Thou maker of new faiths! that dar'st to build
 Thy fond inventions on religion's name.
 Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
 Divinely pure, and simple from all arts;
 You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
 The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
 False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
 Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
 And wou'd not bear all light. Hence! I have found thee.

DERVISE.

I have but one report. Now aid me, Prophet.—*Aside.*
 Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;
 Our Prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus—

TAMERLANE.

No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its worshippers,

And

And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch?
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee——

DERVISE,

'Tis but death at last;
And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

TAMERLANE.

Oh, impious!
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.
It must be so—To die—'twere a reward—
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine:
Thine bids thee lift a dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe!
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continu'st still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain:
Hence! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think
That there is such a monster in my kind.
Whither will man's impiety extend?
Oh, gracious Heav'n! dost thou withhold thy thunder
When bold assassins take thy name upon 'm,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause.

ROWE.

RIVERS

RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.

SIR HARRY.

Colonel, your most obedient; I am come upon the old business; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

SIR HARRY.

No, Sir?

RIVERS.

No, Sir, I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

SIR HARRY.

I do; but what then! Engagements of this kind, you know, are often broken.

RIVERS.

So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney.

SIR HARRY.

I do; but I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore—

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

SIR

SIR HARRY.

A thousand if you please, Sir.

RIVERS.

Why, then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

SIR HARRY.

And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honour.

RIVERS.

And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal—

SIR HARRY.

I really don't understand you, Colonel; I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed—

RIVERS.

Why, this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

SIR HARRY.

Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

RIVERS.

RIVERS.

I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

SIR HARRY.

Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word; besides, though my daughter shall never go a begging to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she was mistress of Mexico.

SIR HARRY.

Well, Colonel, I have done;—

RIVERS.

Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies; I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interests I look upon as a union of dishonour; and consider a marriage of money, at best, but legal prostitution.

HAMLET

HAMLET AND HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET.

I am glad to see you well,
 Horatio!—or I do forget myself.

HORATIO.

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET.

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
 And what makes you from Wittenburg, Horatio?

HORATIO.

A truant disposition, good, my lord.

HAMLET.

I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself. I know you are no truant;

But what is your affair in Elsinour?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HORATIO.

My lord, I came to see your Father's funeral.

HAMLET.

I pr'ythee not mock me, fellow student,

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO.

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My Father—Methinks I see my Father.

HORATIO.

Oh! where, my lord?

HAMLET.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO.

I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAMLET.

He was a man take for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO.

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET.

Saw! who?

HORATIO.

My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET.

The king, my father!

HORATIO.

Season your admiration but a while,

With an attentive ear; till I deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

For heaven's love let me hear.

HORATIO.

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead waste and middle of the night,
 Been thus encounter'd; a figure like your father,
 Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pe,
 Appears before them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow, and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
 By their oppress'd, and fear surpris'd eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd
 Almost to jelly with th' effect of fear)
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes. I knew your father:
 These hands are not more like,

HAMLET.

But where was this?

HORATIO.

My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAMLET.

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO.

My lord, I did;

But

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
 But even then the morning cock crew loud;
 And at the found it thrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET.

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO.

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know it.

HAMLET.

Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

HORATIO.

We do my lord.

HAMLET.

Arm'd, say you?

HORATIO.

Arm'd, my lord.

HAMLET.

From top to toe?

HORATIO.

My lord from head to foot.

HAMLET.

Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO.

O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

What, look'd he frowningly?

HORATIO.

A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET.

Pale or red?

HORATIO.

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET.

And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HORATIO.

Most constantly.

HAMLET.

I would I had been there!

HORATIO.

It would have much amaz'd you.

HAMLET.

Very like. Staid it long?

HORATIO.

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

HAMLET.

His beard was griss'd?—no—

HORATIO.

It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A fable silver'd.

HAMLET.

I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO.

I warrant you it will.

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

If it assumes my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight,
 Let it be terrible in your silence still:
 And whatsoever shall befall to night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
 I will repite your love; so fare ye well.
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE,

SCENE, IN WHICH MOODY GIVES MANLY
AN ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY
TO LONDON.

MANLY.

Honest John—

MOODY.

Measter Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.—Well,
how d' ye do, Measter?

MANLY.

I am glad to see you in London, I hope all the
good family are well?

MOODY.

Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in
pretty good heart; tho' we have had a power of
crosses upon the road.

MANLY.

What has been the matter, John?

MOODY.

Why we came up in such a hurry, you mun think,
that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

MANLY.

Come, tell us all—pray, how do they travel?

MOODY.

Why, in the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my
Lady loves to do things hansom, to be sure, she
would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four
old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up

to

to London in a coach and six ; and for Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postillion.

MANLY.

And when do you expect them here, John ?

MOODY.

Why we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' awld weazle-belly horse tired : and then we were so cruelly laden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we left four hours 'fore we could get things to rights again.

MANLY.

So they bring all their baggage with the coach then ?

MOODY.

Ay, ay, and a good store on't : there is—why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the Monkey sit upon behind.

MANLY.

Ha, ha, ha !—And pray, how many are they within the coach ?

MOODY.

Why, there's my lady, and his worship, and the young 'quire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook—that's all.

MANLY.

Ha, ha, ha !

MOODY.

MOODY.

Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boil'd beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as made the awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all to town, I say.

MANLY.

Ay, and well out on't again, John.

MOODY.

Measter! you're a wise mon; and, for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our back on't, nothing but mischief! some trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack goes one thing! bawnce goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then sowse! we are all set fast in a slough—Whaw! cries Miss—Scream! go the maids; and bawl just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

MANLY.

Ha, ha, ha!—

MOODY.

But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

G

MANLY.

MANLY.

Well, honest John——

MOODY.

Dear Meafter Manly, the goodness of goodness
blefs and preserve you !

PRINCE HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

I am affur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

PRINCE HENRY.

No ! might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England ! was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten !

CHIEF JUSTICE.

I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me ;
And in th' adminiftration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleas'd to forget my place,
The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented ;
And struck me in the very feat of judgment :
Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave

I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you : If the deed were ill
 Be you contented, wearing such a garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace, and safety of your person :
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case your's ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son ;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd ;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted ;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd :
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
 After this cold confid'rance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my leige's sovereignty.

PRINCE HENRY.

You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well :
 Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 'Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did :
 So shall I live to speak my father's words :
 ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold

• That dares do justice on my proper son;
 • And no less happy, having such a son,
 • That would deliver his greatness so
 • Into the hand of justice — You committed me;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
 With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done gainst me. There is my hand;
 You shall be as a father to my youth;
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.

